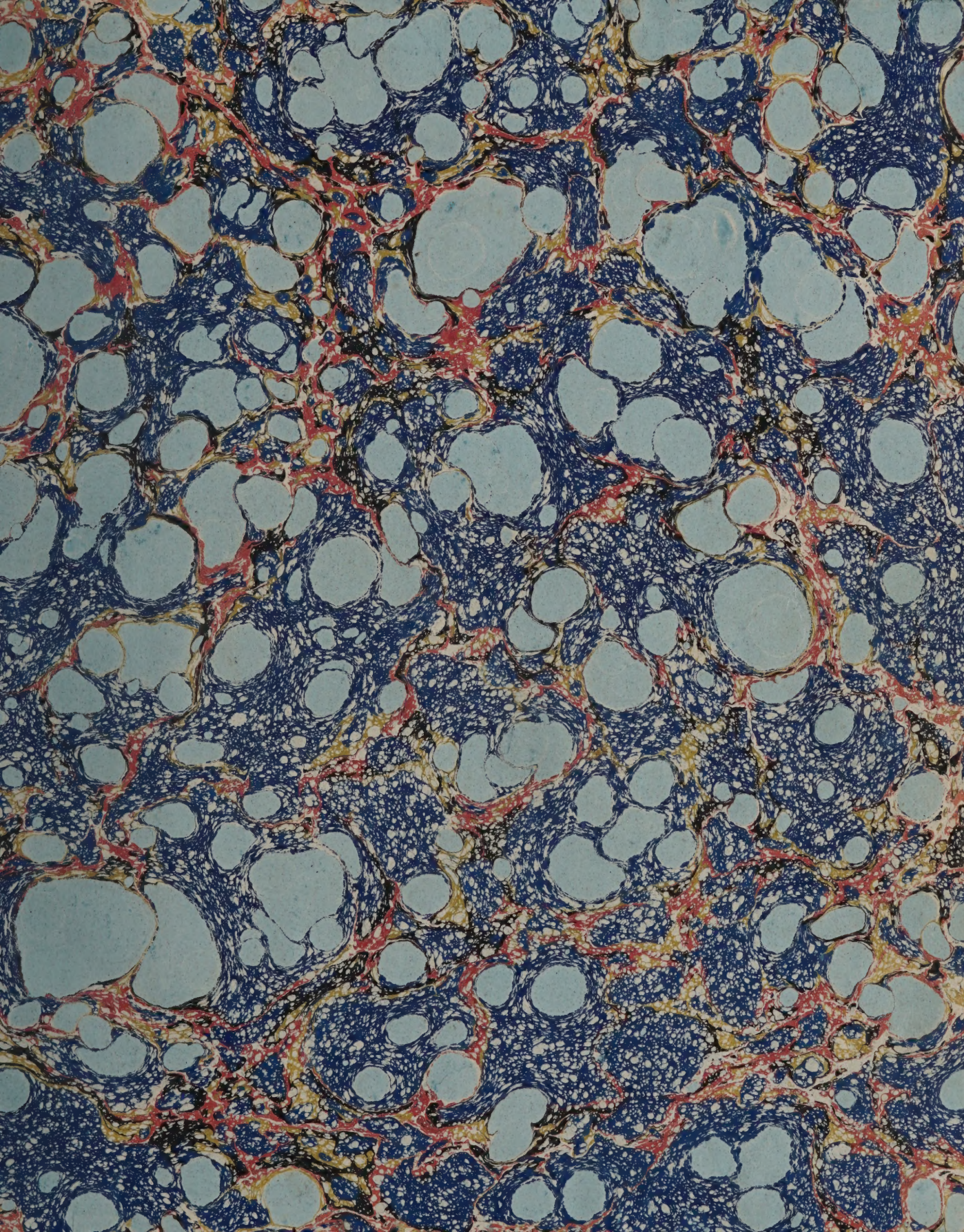


CHIPS
— FROM THE —
“NARWHAL’S LOG.”





CHIPS

FROM THE
NARWHAL'S LOG

1859.



22123

NO. 123456789



Voyage of the S.S. 'Narnhal' to the
Davis Straits Whale fishing.

Tuesday 3^d May. To-day all preparations for going to sea having been completed and the damage done by the fire (see preliminary notes) all repaired, at 2 P.M. the steam being up and tide full. we steamed out of Dundee harbour - a numerous concourse of people were assembled on the Quay to witness our departure and many a cheer did they give us - our men gave them one lusty cheer, as we passed the last quay and waving of hats and white handkerchiefs was kept up, as long as we could make out the faces of our friends. We took out with us about a dozen large fishing boats - anxious to avoid if possible the long pull to Broughty ferry, which they otherwise would have had - we had not proceeded far from the entrance of the harbour before we grounded in the sand river on the bank there - this detained us for about half an hour when, the tide having made a little we again got afloat. We steamed past Broughty-ferry and a small piece further down the river - where, the men from intoxication being quite unfit for duty, and other circumstances rendering it imprudent to proceed at once



2

to sea, we turned back, and late in the afternoon brought up in the roads of Dronkity-fong. The Pilot remained on board as the Capt. said we should sail early tomorrow morning.

Wednesday 4th May At 3 A.M. this morning the Capt. came on board, and as the steam was up we immediately commenced to weigh the anchor. The men went cheerily to work and soon got it across the bows - we then steamed out of the Yang steadily and smoothly. we came up with the pilot's cutter about 6 A.M. when the pilot left us after giving us three cheers. On calling the ~~rest~~ the boatman was found not present - so we had to sail with our ~~him~~ another man being promoted to his situation.

The day was a beautiful one, very little wind and the ship steaming quietly but swiftly along. we passed a number of small ships among which were the "Queen of the Isles" of Seattle bound to Lornick and the "Egar" of Dundee which had left that port two days before us.

At 6 P.M. we were off Peterhead and descried a boat making for the ship we soon made it out to be our old shipwrecked friend Capt. R. F. Martin late of the last ship "Empress of India". He had come on board to see us to wish us success and to take any letters at shore. We did not remain long, as we are anxious to get away before the tide (which was in our favour) should turn.

An E. westerly wind was commencing to blow so we are anxious to get round the corner (Duncan's Bay head) as soon as possible so as to be able to take advantage of it. -



Benlue.

John O'Grady's House & Dunne's Bay Head - Benlue & Firth.
5th May 1859.

(3)

Thursday 5th May. This morning when I went on deck
Duncanstoun head lay in the East & low. John O.
Groats house being right ahead our course was flying
& the birds we hunted for a pilot who presently came
off. About noon we were close in with John O's house
and steaming past it rapidly. I was greatly disap-
pointed in its appearance. it is merely a precipitous
craggy rock sticking upright in the water at about
500 yards from the shore. I understood that it is
to be seen in clear weather from a great distance at
sea. When it has the appearance of a castle on
the mainland. Duncanstoun head is close to "the
house" and in my eyes is an object of far greater
interest it is an immense precipitous and abrupt
promontory - full of caverns and natural bridges
through which the water rushes and foams. When off
Thurso a boat came off for the pilot (his having left
some time before) - when it came along side I per-
ceived it had several fish and lobsters on board
so the second mate and I managed to "hook"
for them. At 8 P.M. passed Cape Maitle
when we were steaming with a fair wind and all sails.



W. H. Miller

San Francisco Harbor from the water

4

Next morning the sixth of May we saw the last glimpse of our native land and as we had a glorious fair wind - we soon left it far behind -

As swift over the wave with favouring gale
Bound for the Arctic seas we sail

Through the snowy foam
Our eyes oft turn with tearful glance
Back, o'er the Ocean's broad expanse
To dear old home -

The wind continued fair for two days after leaving the land and all were in hopes of getting a remarkably quick passage. Our hopes were however doomed to disappointment as on the third day a foul wind came away which continued day after day until the 12th on that day it fell calm & we steamed for twenty four hours when we were again brought up by a foul wind - we were by this time thoroughly sick of the persistent westerly wind but it appeared that our troubles were only commencing for up to the twenty fourth of May we had a strong westerly gale blowing and during a part of that time the ship was under double reefed topsails - on the 24th a fair wind came away which lasted for thirty six hours when another breeze from the westward caught the ship all at once when she was carrying standing sails a'lo and a'hoft - we hauled up the standing to the mast and ~~that~~ on the 26th of



20/10/1910

S. L. East of Fair Haven 255-2

May, we saw land which we suppose to be Cape Vancouver.
 On Saturday the 28th May It fell calm we were then
 considerably to the westward of Cape Vancouver and there-
 fore at the entrance of Davis Straits. We steamed all
 Saturday night and on Sabbath morning a glorious
 breeze came away right aft. set all sail and ran
 all day up Davis Straits at the rate of ten and
 eleven knots an hour. On Monday morning the
 wind again failed us. but in the afternoon it
 fell calm so we got steam up and as the calm
 continued all night with the exception of there being
 a light air blowing from the Eastward which kept the
 fore and aft sails full, we got along pretty smartly
 averaging for the night about 6 knots.

Tuesday 31st May, This morning the wind came aboard
 or two more force & at the same time increased in
 strength so the foremasts were allowed to go out and
 steam blown off the topsails being set the while.

This morning we passed several large ice bergs
 These wonderful and magnificent works of nature
 built by time and eternal frost proclaimed that
 we were entering upon that mysterious and strange
 world where so many of our brave country men
 have perished in endeavouring to penetrate its

(C)

icy recesses - how beautifully does Montgomery describe
these awfully grand and stupendous productions
of the Arctic regions - (Quite poor memory and therefore
cannot vouch for the correctness of the lines -)

With Glacier battlements that crown the spheres
The slow exaction of six thousand years

it towers sublime ~~~~
winters eternal palace built by time ~~~~

Mountains themselves are won
By his light footsteps -

But here for ever grows ~~~~
Amid the regions of unmelting snows, ~~~~

A monument -
Where every flake that falls ~~~~

Gives adamantine firmness to its walls -

Here in this region every thing seems built upon the ^{same} gigantic
scale - the cloud capped summits of the snowy mountains
uprising against the leaden sky - The vast icebergs and
continental flocs of ice - down to the mightiest of created
beings the whale - all combine to strike awe and ad-
miration in the hearts of those who have visited this
land for the first time -

This is the last day of May - now it has been a custom the
origin of which is so ancient as to be unknown to the oldest of
the old tars with whom a considerable portion of our crew is

made up - This custom was similar to one which until lately was almost universal in ships crossing the line - at which time the Boring god Neptune was in the habit of visiting his devotees the navigators of the seas on board of their ships and then indulging in the winters lark of shaving and transforming into children of throes those poor unfortunates who have never had the felicity of crossing that torrid air (!) boundary before - The lark is precisely similar in the colder climes which we are now entering - The necessary qualification demanded by the greedy god being now to have crossed the arctic circle and the eventful day on which the operations are conducted is the first of May immediately after eight bells are struck on the last night of April - however - on the first of May this year we were in a pleasanter clime than Greenland and so I thought the shaving would be done away with - not so however appears to be the intention of the worthy Neptune - ~~Sumner his reasons for changing his day to be the following -~~

It must be known that another custom peculiar to these regions is - to construct a may garland (which I suppose is to be considered an offering to the gods of the winds & weather) for luck, this is generally ^{made} by the last seaman ~~man~~ man in the ship and being on the night of the last day - to be placed there on the first of May now

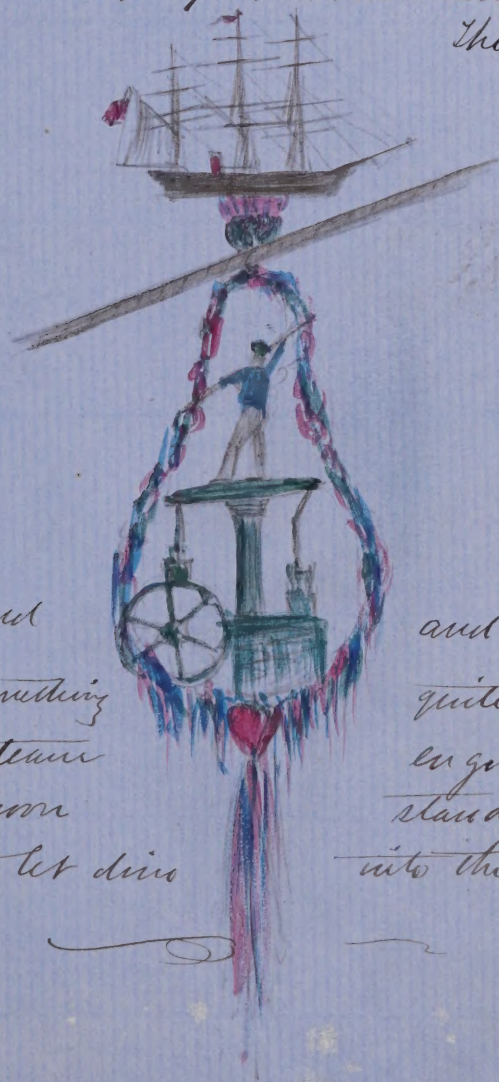
as at that time the ship was lying in Dundee dock where
 sweethearts and ribbands are plentiful, one would suppose
 that the garland which would have emanated from
 thence, would have been first class. on the contrary however,
 one of the most miserable atrocities ever pro-
 duced, caught my eye when I rejoined the ship—
 hanging from the rigging in a state of the most deplora-
 ble wretchedness—this specimen of a garland was the
 production of one of our most disreputable looking hands—
 who had been married for several years, his wife being
 almost as bright a specimen of humanity as himself—between
 this pair of turtle doves I understood a squabble arose
 the male bird coming off with his red flannel shirt ^{in tatters}
 & she with a broken nose and a black eye—the tattered
 flannel shirt was, along with an iron hoop, hoisted to the
 main topmast stay—and there it was allowed to remain
 until we were half across the western ocean. it was then
 pulled down, and it was remarked that although the
 ship was far off her course immediately before, yet as soon
 as the shirt was hauled down she luffed several points
 & ended by giving us a fair wind. I understand that
 next morning a note was received from King Neptune
 to the effect that from this disgraceful tortoise being offered
 at his altar he would in person accompanied by his
 barber & wife visit the ship on the 1st of June and

(9)

that if a respectable garland was not up by that time to stand by - for he would shoo me away -

Accordingly a fine young fellow who had only had the connubial knot tied the night preceding the ship's departure undertook to furnish a respectable garland - and really the fruits of his efforts was worthy of praise as great taste was displayed in the manner in which it was got up -

This is a rough sketch



of the garland
in its center something
shape of a steam
er with harpoon
is preparing to let drive
"poomah" -

and as mile beam has
quite unique in the
engine and a harpoon
standing on the beam
into the black back of some

The proceedings of tonight in the shaving and hair dressing department was so similar to what it always is - and which has again and again been described by able pens than mine that the subject is quite thread-bare and therefore I shall content myself with saying that after Neptune hailed the ship, he with his gang and accompanied by his wife, (who was, by the way in what is generally considered to be ~~an~~ ^{was} an interesting position) - ^{was} went up and down the decks as a hatch to the mingled sounds emanating from crying pangs, fog horns, steam whistles - a flute & the bag pipes producing the most exquisite harmony he then paid a visit to the Captain and after presenting him with a red herring on the point of his trident which he said he had just captured under the bows of the ship - and singing a few songs they marched down forward and commenced the operation of shaving the green hands, all the old implements of Chisels, Strops - Sawing or - files and net saws were gone through in due course - and the proceedings of the night were terminated by a dance and double measures -

6th June 1859. On the 1st of June we came unexpectedly amongst heavy ice & ~~at~~ which the Captain thinks is the soonest ice of Davis straits in the afternoon of the same day the wind blew very strong & the weather being very thick rendered navigation amongst the ice exceedingly difficult and not a little dangerous we succeeded however in getting clear of it all without touching a single piece - On Tuesday the 2nd the gale still continued & we were amongst very heavy ice and numerous bergs - On the 3rd a fair wind came away and we ran all day up Davis straits with all sails set. We sighted land the next morning early at which time it was nearly calm and we were steaming along at the rate of 6 knots - Last night was the first, since entering Davis straits that we did not lose sight of the sun - Lat by obs. 66°. The land turned out to be Disco and when I reached the deck on Monday morning at 4 A.M. - all hands were employed coaling the fires and making all preparations for the fishing - the day turned out a most lovely one not a breath of wind stirring and we were steaming fast through the glassy smooth water abreast of Disco Island which stood high and bold at a distance of perhaps ten miles -

The lines were all coiled at noon and the men gave three cheers. We intended going off to the ice off North East bay to see if there are any straggling porpoises there - but we are afraid our chance is small on this side of Davis Straits as we are so late - We kept steaming all day but a breeze coming up from the north at midnight made us set sail and knock off steam. We kept standing off to the middle ice all night but cannot discern any signs of life -

8th June - Yesterday it blew a strong gale of wind from the north right down the straits and although a bad wind for our further immediate progress yet is a capital wind for the country. It will ultimately perhaps help us greatly in getting through Melville bay - Today the wind fell greatly and at noon was almost calm so we got steam up, stowed all the sails and steamed along the land - the Seavante hulk or black hulk is at some distance of about thirty miles and upmannick hill Scarpence is towering through the haze on the starboard bow distant about fifty miles - I think that a short description here of our route towards Pond's bay will not be out of place as a few remarks will explain what would otherwise appear

to those who have never visited the icy north a very round about passage - After the termination of the fishing on the east side of Davis Straits, the whole aim of the fleet is to push north and if possible to cross over to Paul's Bay on the west side before the middle of July this would be readily accomplished the distance right across the straits being very short, even if not for a compact and heavy body of ice which invariably lies in the middle of the straits extending from about the 74° N latitude, the whole length of the straits this renders the passage right across almost impossible although occasionally there is a break in the ice at one or two points which enables the ships to get what is called a south passage this however is a last resource - Melville bay (that dreaded name) being the plus grand ultra - The adjoining sketch of the coast of Davis Strait and our route will however ^{under the description} be better understood. - We are now (June 9th) steaming along to reach that bay and apparently a fine prospect of a good passage, the floes of ice being all broken into long pieces with water between them - we are steaming fast and would steam faster if we could every moment is valuable so much so that although a fine specimen of the *Ursus marinus*! (Polar bear)

was taking his morning airing and strolling leisurely along a floe edge alongside of the ship we could not, or would not lower a boat for his bearship. and went steaming past him when he was seated quietly on his hind quarters at the edge of the floe and staring suspiciously at us—

At noon we come up with the large duck island (see chart) having come from the black hole in twenty four hours a feat unprecedented in the annals of the whale fishery in Davis Straits. the prospect of a passage through the bay is still a fine one, but this island being about three times the height of our mast heads the Captⁿ goes ashore to make sure of the proper route. I accompany him and with me take several natural historical implements for any thing I may chance to pick up. We only stayed an hour ashore but during that time we saw enough to considerably damp our ardors in the air—the bay was literally clogged with immense flocs without apparently any means of penetrating through— it is this that plays the mischief with the whalers they waste a day time in working up so far north by towing and tracking and after they do get up their chance of a clear and speedy passage is a poor one in the majority of instances. There is not only this to blight the prospects of a good voyage but even when they do manage to get a passage one or two ships are sure to be sacrificed. for many years back this has been the case one or two ^{ships} generally

the pick of the fleet, are crushed by the flocks of Melville bay
 twenty ships were lost in one day in this hole in 1830
 but if we manage to get through this last trying spot the rest
 of the passage to Pond's bay is easy and a full ship certain
 that is to say if we get there previous to the fifth or sixth of
 July, the time when the whales pay their periodical visit
en route for the north at this place. The danger of the
 passage through the bay is due to the strong currents
 driving the central ice up and down the straits and
 there ^{ice} ~~has~~ always a tendency to drive into the bay - if however
 winds off the land prevail, and there is good land ice
 the loose ice is driven off from that attached to the land
 leaving a canal ^{between} sometimes of great breadth at other
 times a mere lane of water - in this, the ships continue
 to get if at all possible, and if calms and light winds
 off the land prevail they, by means of towing and tracking
 will probably succeed in reaching the north or Cape York water
 If however southerly or west winds prevail - 'stand by and
 get ready your traps, for Melville will be upon you' and you
 will probably have the satisfaction of seeing your good
 ship buried amongst the ice, & not a vestige remaining
 in a very short space of time. A fine ship like ours
 and a steamer besides has a much better chance



Devil's Thumb - Wilcox head
 June 10th 1859

The Devil's Thumb and Wilcox head - Davis Strait June 10th 1859.

of a passage and accompanied with far less danger than the sailing ships, and we are in hopes that notwithstanding the bad look out from duck island, we shall yet succeed in getting a good and safe passage— We have daily been expecting to come up with the Davis Straits whaling fleet which sailed from England for the East side fishing in the month of March and must have left that fishing sometime ago to come north no signs of them are to be seen however and numerous are the conjectures concerning them some say they are through the bay without us others that we have likely passed them at the black hook. the latter view however I think improbable as the weather has been remarkably clear and the night of course as light as the day. "time will show"—

On coming aboard after visiting Duck island the ship's head was turned off from the land to get a view of the state of the ice there— We shortly saw emerging from behind Milcox' point the thumb of his Britannic majesty a very remarkably formed island which has received the rather ~~appropriate~~ ^{unfortunate} ~~convenient~~ unique name of the Devil's thumb which I think is not inappropriate, considering that all the ships are lost when "under his thumb"— When standing on the coming plank committing to paper the annexed sketched likeness of the scene which was then open— "Lammie" (the second mate)

accented me with - "Hallo medical whose been dandifying your
 cap with white ribbons" (alias the excreta of the salivary glands)
 & I who was ignorant of this dodge instantly took off the covering
 of my head - when I was politely informed that I had just
 made my obeisance to ~~the~~ "old gentleman" - and "Lammie"
 good soul, went off to bed chuckling and feeling ~~quite~~ I have
 no doubt serene & happy at having done honor "the Doctor".
 We went off a very long distance from land when our further progress
 was completely put a stop to by an impenetrable barrier of ice - so
 we were forced reluctantly to again steer for the land, and when I
 went to bed duck island was again in sight and a dreary
 prospect before us - ~~Next~~ Next day after dinner we were
 becalmed close to Duck island & the Capt & I again went on
 shore this time a great deal of water was seen at Milne Point
 leading into the bay but no passage from here to it; we
 however can discern that the water at the other side
 of the ice by which we are jammed leads away to the offing
 and if we can only get out far enough to get round this ~~piece~~
 conformed floe all will yet be well - we must just hope
 for the best - and ought to be thankful that we are getting
 such fine weather - as for the last three days we have
 had nothing but calms and ~~light~~ winds off the land
 the very thing at this time of the year to prove a most passage.

Monday 13th June - Since the entry made three days ago we have made no further progress through Melville Bay ~~more than having~~ advanced thirty or forty miles to the Northward yesterday being as far north as Cape Seddon, where the Devil's thumb bore S. by W. by compass. We were then brought up by a heavy ~~floe~~ which was apparently fast to the land. It had just then fallen Calm, and if we had caught hold of the land floe and a westerly wind to come away we should have been all right, we were not however to have this good fortune, for a westerly wind did come away, but along with it came floe and ships too - alas! alas! no land floe is now to be seen - and our chance of a passage still further diminished - This morning the wind again changed and blew strong from the ~~hopelessly~~ South west - 'if a' the winds the wind can blow' the proverb is the basis of the existence of Whaler Jack - When the Captⁿ was at the Masthead this morning in sweeping the horizon he saw lying dodging in the place which was occupied by us yesterday morning - a ship! and presently one, two, three, four, five and six gradually presented themselves emerging from behind bergs - At last the problem is solved

The ships are not before us, but have all this time been to the south
and what we wonder at now is what can have detained ~~them~~^{so long}
The nearest ship the Alexander exchanged signals with us and
late in the evening the Captⁿ of her came on board of the "Mammoth" as
by that time we had plyed right to him -

We were all anxious to hear the news but when Captⁿ Nicoll came
aboard he brought news with a vengeance, instead of the ships being
as some of us supposed through the bay, they had been for the last
fortnight or so about thirty miles to the southward of Duck Island
fishing - and had all (with the exception of the "St. Andrew's")
got fish the "Admiral" (Captⁿ Walker) having got none, equal
to about a hundred and twenty tons of it - the others had
cargoes ranging from one pile to seven - The "Alexander" saw
fish yesterday and left the "Imogene" fishing - These fish
were got at a place where they never were found before - and
such success at the East Side fishing has not been met
for many years - It was Captⁿ Nicoll's opinion that
now we to proceed at once direct to the fishing ground we
might yet pick up a whole or two so as we are in plenty
of time yet for Melville bay - steamer is got up with the utmost

through them after this detension however we had no stoppage but easily got into the land water of Melville bay and steam cheering along towards the land ice. Having got hold of the ice we steam along the floor edge - every one now ~~is~~ elated beyond measure, many expecting to sail ~~now~~ right into the north or Cape York water, without further hindrance - The sky ahead is black as night, a sure indication of oceans of water - and at 2 A.M. Storm in, my spirits (which rise and fall like the barometer) being higher than ever before, during the voyage, and in the full expectation of being in sight of Cape York when I awake - fall into a comfortable nap -

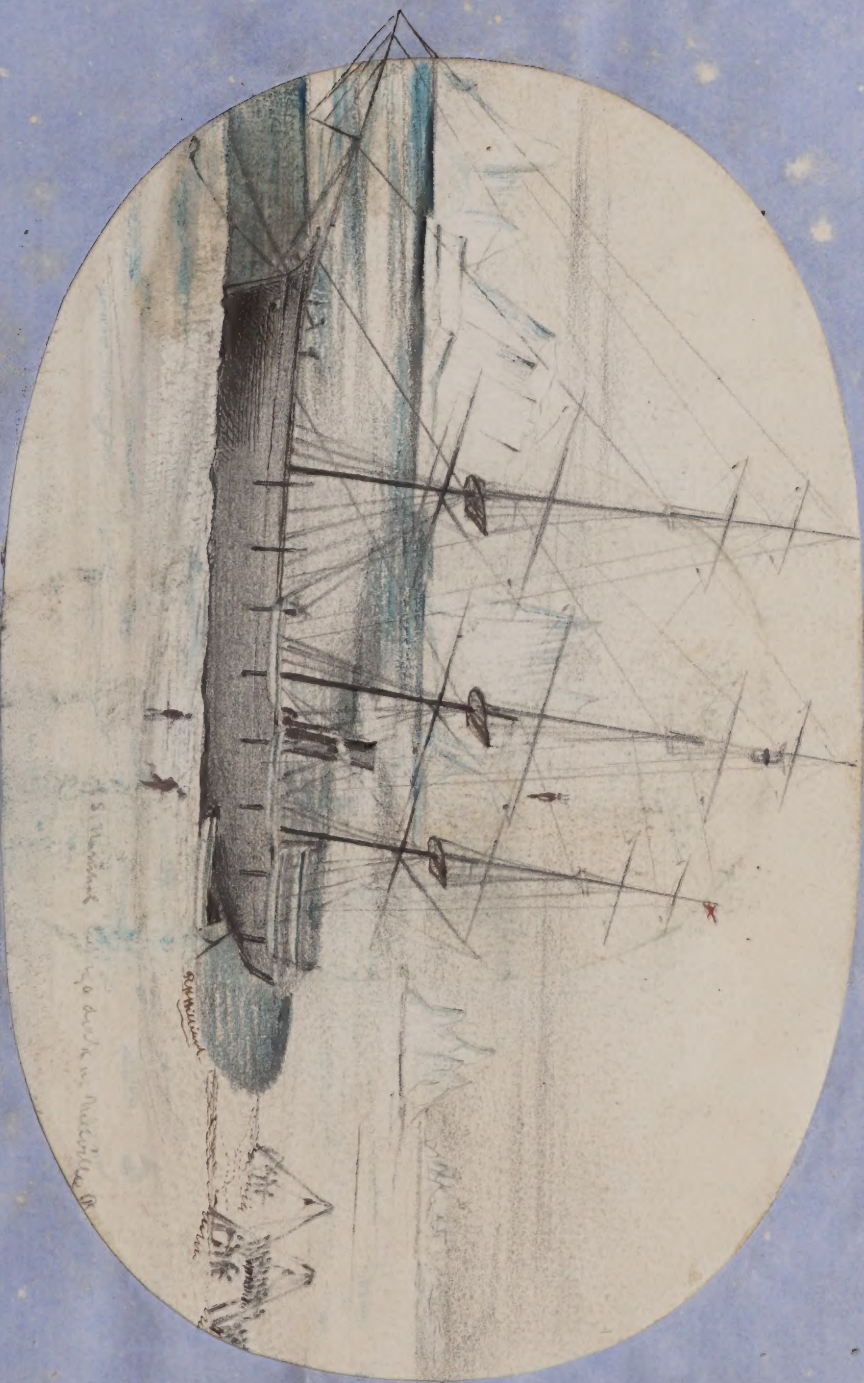
7 A.M. - "Hallo! What now? Why is the engine stopping? What means that leaning over of the ship? Surely it cannot be that we are again bound south leaning over to a southerly breeze!" these questions & cogitations I prepared to myself as I hurried by ~~thrust~~ on my clothes I run upon deck - alas! my suspicions are too well founded, a strong southerly ~~not~~ breeze was blowing, the ice clearing rapidly, numerous lofty ice bergs surround the ship - and look threateningly down upon ~~our ship~~ ^{us}. It was thick, the snow driving furiously against our faces & the flakes so hard and small that they pierced ~~through~~ ^{admitted to} and through us - The Captain was standing anxiously on the crouching plank peering through the thickness at a suspicious looking bay on the lee bow - ~~and~~ the mate was walking the quarter deck impatiently, and from the amount of baccy he was munching, was now and then squinting copious streams of a saturated solution of Nicotiana! from between his teeth. I judged him to be in no fit mood to propound questions of him concerning the present situation of the ship - Notwithstanding this however,

I say to him - "By the hole in my pocket Mr. Martin, the
blow of I can understand what's up now - ~~but~~, this sort of
work is heart sickening where, in the name of patience, are we
bound to now?" "Sink me doctor" he says "I wonder at you
haven't sic nonsense - Ye might ken that if we could get any further
we would be plavin south" Well here the doors are down again -
as James is wont to say to me, when he sees my mercurial spirit
an ~~now~~ ^{too} again - The fact was that a compact pack of ice &
heavy flocs had presented an insurmountable barrier to our
further progress through Melville bay and as the ice was not far
off the safety of the ship was at stake - And now ominous ^{signs}
began to make their appearance evincing the apprehension of
danger by our Captⁿ who for the last three days has never been
in bed and with the exception of an occasional doze in the sofa
has had no sleep - the southerly breeze is increasing and finding
that further time spent in attempting immediate progression ~~is~~
is not only useless but exceedingly dangerous, owing to the perfect
forest of icebergs of fearfully grand dimensions, all afloat and threat-
ning to come down upon the ship, the sails are all stowed and
and with a fresh southerly breeze blowing every minute increasing
in strength, we ~~steer~~ to the southward and sailing close along the
blue edge keep a look out for a favourable ^{spot} to cut a dock -

Already the far off ice is beginning to advance with fatal strides
towards the land floe, and it is evident our time of preparation

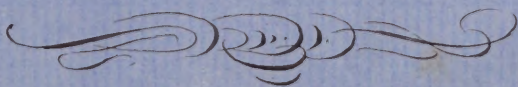


S.S. Northwesterly at anchor in the Sound in N. latitude 63. m. - sketched from the pier
 June 18th 1859. See page 25.



will be short. Casks of bread beef and other necessaries of life are got on deck in readiness for any emergency and all our most valuable articles of clothing and other personal property are packed in canvas bags ready for taking the ice. At last a favourable spot for a dock is reached, the ship is made fast without delay, and all hands are speedily engaged in sawing, blasting and drilling the flinty ice — Meanwhile with paper and pencil, and accompanied by the second engineer, I adjourn to a neighbouring ice berg, where we can make a survey of the spot and surrounding scenery, which we have chosen as the arena wherein to encounter our trial of strength with the dreaded nips of Melville. The selection of Captain Deuchars is admirable — a deep bay in the ice protected on the one hand by a projecting neck of ice, and on the other by stranded bergs, is our chosen harbour of refuge, and in the centre of this the men commence the operation of sawing our dock — Captain Deuchars is engaged now measuring off, and anon superintending the drilling of the holes for the reception of large canisters of gunpowder, now the light is applied to the slow match and our old intrepid friend James (the hero of the thumb of his captain's majesty!) thrusts down the canister communicating with the ignited match — at the end of a long pole — The warning cry of *Wau oh!* is heard and James

accompanied by all of our numerous crew engaged in saving
 precipitantly beat a retreat from the immediate scene of action.
 And for a second or two all is silent as the grave - now a loud
 of cracks with the upheaving of tons of ice ~~cracks~~ and followed by
 a smothered report tells that the shot has taken effect - The crew
 arranged in a long line on the edge of the cracked floe jump simul-
 taneously on to the severed piece and run on to the firm floe
 causing the former to rock and heave, and by these means sunken
 its uneven edges allow of its ready exit from the new formed dock.
 The loose pieces are now sailed out, and finally the ship
 hauled in and for the present we are safe - The dock is
 about two hundred and thirty feet long being about half as
 long again as our ship - All is done now that can be done
 for the safety of the ship - and the watch after getting an
 extra glass of strong rum to instill a little warmth and comfort
 in their breasts and help to make them resigned to a poor
 hours watch in the cutting blast and falling snow - take
 their posts - The Captain anxiously and none but times in
 without undressing and I follow his example trusting
 in a higher power to keep watch over our much prized temporary
 home -



June 24th During the last five days we have spent a very
 heart-reckening time close beset in the dock the prevailing wind
 has been southerly and of course has driven all the ice in
 upon us - This morning the smoke of two steamers was
 seen to the southward, and at noon as they had got
 into a nice lane of water had come up abreast of us, at
 a distance of perhaps two miles west of us - it was extremely
 tantalizing to see them pass us without being able to get
 clear owing to heavy floes jamming us in our dock -
 They turned out to be the "Chase" & "Dania" screw-whalers
 of Hull and as Capt^r Deachman sent two hands over
 the floe to speak the latter we find that they in
 company with the S.S. Dundee - Say & remember of
 other ships, which we had had no word of, had been
 beset in Greenland until the middle of May -
 that another screw steamer the "Herald" was lost
 in the ice and that the S.S. Dundee is close at their
 heels - The two steamers continued pushing
 north all the afternoon and finally disappeared
 behind some bergs to the northward of us -
 Next morning the "Dundee" towing the "Alexander"

paired us in the same manner as the others & hoisted
 his ensign signaling that all was well at home & that he
 had letters, but although we sent hands over the ice
 to him he would not stop and at last disappeared behind
 the same bergs ~~that~~ ^{at which} the "Chase" & "Diana" were last sight of
 Thursday 30th June. Since last entry a great deal has been
 done so much that it has kept me in such a state of excitement
 that work of no kind could be got on with the greater part
 of the time being ~~kept~~ spent in running about the deck
 and rigging. On Monday night a beautiful wind
 came away right off the land and in a very short time
 the ice began to move away from the floe - as soon as the
 joyful news was carried aft the funnel was at once
 hoisted and fires lighted and just as a sufficient
 breadth of water had formed steam was up and the
 engines and I may say all of us impatient to be off
 no time was delayed and in a very short time the
 halberd and ice anchors were aboard and we bade
 farewell to our docks - All night we kept steaming
 along the land floe north but as it was very thick
 weather we could not descrie any of the other ships;
 Next morning however it cleared and showed us the

S.S. "Dundee" with the "Alexander" in tow at no great distance ahead - we were brought to a stop at night by a large floe which lay between us and the "Dundee" and lay there for some hours when it slackened; we saw the two other ships a considerable distance to the northward of us they apparently had got into a lead of water because we soon lost sight of them - at midnight we got under weigh again as well as the "Dundee" and at 8 o'clock the following morning we were in close company with that ship and the "Alexander" when we were again brought up by a narrow neck intervening between us and what appeared to be the long looked for north water - we were not long detained as the ice began to open again in the evening and along with the other ships we reached the water - we soon went ahead of the "Dundee" which of course was greatly held back by the "Alexander" and met with no further stoppage until the forenoon of next day when we were again brought up with another neck - here we lay in sight of Cape York until the afternoon by which time the "Dundee" having cast off from the "Alexander" had

come up upon us - the ice at that time again slackened and after this we in company with the "Dunder" met with no other serious hindrance and to night we are to the Northward of Cape York in the north water and do not expect to meet with any stoppage between this and Ponds Bay and as we are in plenty of time tomorrow only being the first of July we have every prospect of a splendid voyage

The Ponds Bay fishing.

X Monday the fourth of July 1859. At last we have got to the long looked for haven and we are now made fast to the land floe abreast of Button Point or the north Chuck of Ponds Bay. I shall not trace the course and proceeding of the ship for the last three days suffice it to say that we met with no stoppage until we sighted Cape Liverpool being the south Chuck of Lancaster Sound - Yesterday we sighted and afterwards spoke the Osiana of Hull which had come across two days before us she had seen one whale the day before but was still "clean" - We made fast to the land floe yesterday afternoon when it came down very thick weather - we saw two 'fish' dodging along the floe edge & many seals in thousands all apparently on a passage North.

This morning the weather was very fine the sea like glass and air
 earth and water teeming with life the beautiful "Manuel"
 or Sea Unicorn after which our ship is named - in vast flocks
 were leaping out of the water showing their beautiful long spiral
 ivory tusks and handsome spotted backs - flocks of white whales
 were also swimming along the floe edge rolling over like porpoises,
 seals and walrus were playing about the ship, and a huge bear
 would come within rifle range occasionally from the ship - vast
 flocks of loons, ducks, and waches darkened the sky
 and very near to them ~~the~~ must whirring past our ears -
 Now was there wanting that mightiest of all created beings the
 whale; as was speedily testified by the call of "all hands
 ahoy!" and by the scampering of men over the decks their
 clothes under their arms - tumbling better shells into the
 boats & dropped into the water in a most alarming & uncommen-
 sial manner - nothing but the sounds of our splashing, cries
 of "pull away!" "give sheet my boys!" "she's up, yer honoray!"
 and many others peculiar to the whale fishery were heard for some
 minutes when with that expedition known only to whalers
 the boats are far from the ship stationed in appropriate

distances from each other along the floe edge awaiting the appearance of the fish - And now one boat rushes - she has a start - give sheet way boys! she lies yet! but then her last! what a tack! & then she goes tail up -

"We did not catch that whale however"

And the bucket is hoisted for the boats -

one of the boats however is determined to bring some thing on board as when not far from the fish he got fast to a "Harrowhead" which of course is quite appropriate

Our ship being called after that beautiful animal - he succeeded in killing it but finding it on board it was not a large one being only about eighteen feet long, he had a home seven feet in length but was not very good the point having got broken off -

No more fish were seen during the day. In company with the SS. Dundee, Chase, & Draina, steamed south a little further & made fast to the land floe abreast of Pond's Bay -

Wednesday 6th First thing this morning James the second mate who was at the mast head came sliding down the top gallant stay & jumping to the head steeple of his boat - crying out that we might

Call all hands as soon as we liked intimating of course that he had
 seen a fish or two - I jumped into his boat & took an oar, and we
 men soon pulling to the place where James expected she would
 appear - We lay on our oars for some minutes, when we had the
 satisfaction of seeing her show her black back about three toasts lengths
 from us, James was up at his gun and after a vigorous stroke
 or two we ~~placed~~ saw the boat on the top of the whale when James
 pulled the trigger & threw near the harpoon socket up, with a
 force that made the boat tumble, and sent the affrighted animal
 headlong down under the fluke, out went the lines, round the bullet heads,
~~scuttling~~ and up went our jacks, to testify that we were fast - the
 boats were all pulling to our assistance, when in fact the lines slacken
 & James shakes his head ominously saying "this away" - we take
 down the jacks and slowly haul in the lines at last the harpoon
 comes aboard twisted & bent showing how well it had been fast and
 we are at a loss to conjecture the cause of its coming out - James
 despondingly pulls to the ship and heaving on another harpoon
 pull away again to a spot where some of the other boats were
 dodging a whale - after a pull of about an hour we reach the
 place and after a while get a start she goes down however leaving
 on the surface an eddy which traces out to us her progress under



the water in cautions pulled in her wake with only two oars always keeping an eye to the eddy - now the water freshens 'pull my boys!' still freshening at last she raises her blow-holes & gives a gentle blast; down again though! but here she comes in rearing & makes a beautiful back just as James lets fly at her - Hurrah! man at air fast - no slackening of the lines this time and ere long a second harpoon is got in - and we had not long to wait when the crews from the other boats told that she was dead - She turned to be a small whale her whale bone only measuring about five feet - At 2 P.M. of the same day another of our harpooners got fast to a whale where she was afterwards killed by the other boats - This journal will during the fishing be the same as the ship's log from which I have copied it.



(NOTE.)

Thursday 7th July 1854 - Three twenty four hours commence with a brisk breeze from the N. E. People employed making off - Two sledges of Esquimaux came on board from Button Point - One of the men had a gun on the stock of which was cut "Fox-Bond's Bay - Aug 3^d - 1858. W.R.H." At 9 A.M. the ice began to break up, so the ship was cast off from the floe and continued dodging with single reefed topsails until 8 P.M. - when the wind having nearly fallen steam was got up & we steamed to the northward along the floe (now a pack) edge - At midnight steamed to the southward again keeping from the land floe completely broken up north of Button Point -

Friday 8th Ship steaming south and off with calm weather - at 8 A.M. spoke the Alexander she was pleasuring having set two sails to the offing - Steamed to the northward and off - until noon when we came to a pretty heavy pack of ice; several flocks came

Called all hands, and shortly after Jas. Larue got fast to a fish by the gun but lost her owing to the harpoon having drawn after taking out half a line - At 3 P.M. Tho. Elder got fast to a fish with both gun and hand but lost her in the same manner -

At 4 P.M. Robt. Kidd got fast to a fish by the gun - and afterwards at 2nd and 3rd harpoons were fired in - the fish was dead and

pleased by 8 P.M. - At 10 P.M. Two fish seen around two boats in pursuit and Tho. Webster got fast to one by the gun - at midnight both boats still endeavoring to kill the whale -

Saturday ninth July - At 2 A.M. fish dead and towed alongside and afterwards pleased in four hours and a half -

At 6 P.M. Brick gale. double reefed the topsails and ran a dudge "Alexander" in sight at the floe edge killing a fish -

Called all hands at 7 P.M. to make off - continued making off till midnight when the watch was set -

Sunday 10th - Still a brick gale - ship dodging off the land floe -

At 8 A.M. the gale took off got steam up and steamed up to the floe through some ice - Made the ship fast at 2 P.M. - At 3 P.M. Jas. Larue got fast to a fish at 4 fish dead and along side - At 8 P.M. fish pleased -

Cleared the decks and set the watch - Ship dodging off the floe spoke the S. S. Dundee - (S.S. at 2.30 P.M. Jas. Larimer fired at a fish and missed in consequence of this, being the second time he was infatuated forbidden the gun with -)

(34)

Monday 11th July 1859. These 24 hours commence with calms and light winds, clear weather. S.S. Dundee (under steam) & Alexander in sight — At noon calms. People employed making off — Shift standing in towards the land when any wind —

At 8 P.M. saw a fish, the S.S. Dundee running after it under steam — Sent two boats in pursuit and at 8.30 J.A. Lamb got fast by the gill — at 11 P.M. fish dead and along side commenced to flence the fish about midnight ship lying too —

Tuesday 12th July. At 3 A.M. finished flencing, got steam up and steamed towards the land floor through loose ice. Perceived the Dundee & Alexander fishing — At 7 A.M. got in with the land ice saw several fish and covered all the boats in pursuit — At 9 A.M. Mr. Martin got fast to a fish which was killed by the capstern in a hole in the floor —

At 9.30 Tho. Webster got fast to a fish by the gill — fish dead by 10.30 A.M. When Tho. Elder got fast to a fish — fish dead at noon after having stove the boat of the 3^d harpoon — about the same time J.A. Lorrimer was upon the top of four fish and did not get fast — he was in consequence ordered out of the boat for the remainder of the day — at 10.30 Mr. Reid got fast to a fish — fish dead by 2 P.M. — made the ship fast to the floor at 6 P.M. when all hands were sent to bed previous to flencing the fish —

Wednesday 13th July 1859 at 1 A.M. this morning all hands called to make off J.A. Lamb's last fish — At 6 A.M. Mr. Briggs got fast to a fish which was dead and along side at 7 A.M. commenced

10 ft 6 in
Jas Lamb

9 ft 5 in
Mr Martin
9 ft 2 in
Jas Webster
11 ft
Jas Elder
9 ft
Jas Reid

4 ft 6 in
Mr Briggs

flensing our five whales - I was told today of a melancholy incident connected with the fishing - one of the boats of the whale ship "Alexander" when engaged killing a fish was capsized by the enraged animal throwing all of the crew into the water - all but the harpooner managed to hold on by the tail of the upset boat - but this unfortunate man who on falling into the water immediately sank - whether he was drawn down by the eddy of the whale as she descended, or was attacked by crabs is unknown at all events he was never more seen.

I shall now be compelled (from my decreasing stock of paper) to skip over the proceedings of eight or ten days. Since last writing we have only got one whale, and that one appeared to have been made for us as she almost hoisted herself on board - One of our harpooners fired at her and sent the fore harpoon socket up - from some unknown cause however the fore gear got cut and the whale was loose - The Cannery boat however after twenty minutes had elapsed during which time

the harpener had been at the ship to report his successful
 tale - the boat was close alongside the ship allowing the
 same man to get fast again and then quietly shuffling
 herself to the pleasing side - gave up the ghost underneath
 the very nice tackle in a manner that drew forth the
 (NB. for the explanation of this term look Johnson's dictionary)
 cheers and admiral interjections (!!!) of all on board

We now (Saturday 13th July) begin to suspect the Bond's Bay
 fishing is over - we have now got about a hundred and twenty tons of
 oil - but should have got far more considering the time we entered Bond's
 Bay and by comparison with preceding years - Nor Neigh boats the
 "S.S. Dundee" - Chase and Diana have not done so well - neither has
 the "Alexander" including her four East side fish -

On Thursday last the "S.S. Jay" came up from the southward,
 clean, having left home on the 1st June - The whole of the
 Steamers excepting the "Jay" are like ourselves, today steaming
 South towards Cross' Inlet, the next fishing ground -

The day is a beautiful one - Sunny and warm, clear and calm,
 and we are steaming along the land floe at a distance of about

forty miles from the land which at this place is a range of
 lofty snow covered mountains - At about mid-day as I
 was lying in the sun in one of the quarter boats, observing as
 well as I could (considering the circumstances) some sa-
 vory tit-bits of "Bennet's Physiology"; The Captain sung out
 from the mast "two ships ahead - two ships! who can they be?
 I wondered - the 'Tumma' I hope is one of them and so it
 proved to be for the headmost vessel was soon made out to be that
 ship and we soon sheered close along side of her - Now it must
 be known that by both the Dundee and the Tay letters had
 been sent to our ship. but none new for me, so that I began
 to think the folks at home had forgotten me altogether -
 the 'Tumma' was my last chance that vessel being still
 at Dundee when the Tay left that port - Captain Hay soon came
 a-board bringing some letters for the Captain but told me he had
 forgotten mine - he told me however where to find them and

I was not long of boarding the "Tumua" and getting hold of my packet on opening which I found it to contain notes & some letters which made up for my former disappointments —

The other ship turned out to be the "Sir Colin Campbell";

In the evening all the ships made fast to the land floe, a little to the northward of Coult's inlet —

During the whole of the next day (Sunday) the ships lay at the land ice but on Monday morning by that time having seen only one whale the patience of the several Captains was exhausted — and as a fine Northerly breeze was blowing we in company with the S.S. Dundee set all sail and ran South — On Tuesday a brisk gale blew all day

accompanied by intense thickness and the clearing of the loose ice threatening to beset the ships — while men at the time dodging (we imagined) off Scott's bay

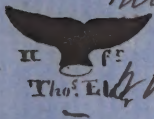
Next morning the wind had considerably abated and the ships which had been joined by the "Sir Colin" and "Tumua" set more sail and ran South a little further —

No fish being seen through out the day we have too, at night in company
 with the "Sir. C. C." and "Junna" - The S. S. "Dundee" having
 given it in some hours before - at the same time it came on very
 thick weather, and continued so all the next day - during
 the thickening a white bear was seen swimming in the water
 close to the ships. Mr Martin and I immediately pulled
 after him and it being agreed that Mr Martin should have
 the first shot - he fired and striking it in the back of the head
 killed it instantly. Next day Friday a southerly
 wind came away the weather still very thick and as the
 Captain suspects that nothing is to be done south as yet
 we take advantage of the breeze to run north - it however
 fell calm early on Saturday morning and in consequence of this
 steam was got up and we continued steaming all day until
 8 P.M. when four ships were observed made fast to the land ice
 By this time the thickening had completely cleared away
 and at midnight we made fast to the land ice in company
 with the Chase Diana & Dundee screw steamers and the

Sailing ship "Alexander" - We had ^{not} been long made fast when two men from the latter vessel came over the fleet to our ship, and gave us the news - the steamer had only a short time before made fast; the Alexander having been alone for two or three days made fast to the pier, during which time a heavy mureff pile had come in, and he had succeeded in capturing two - the steamer with the exception of the 'Jay' had got no more piles but the latter ship was fortunate enough to pick up three during our absence - They further added that the "Alexander" was making a great deal of water and that being nearly full, they expected in a short time to be homeward bound.

Sunday 31st July - Early this morning I was roused from my slumbers by the welcome cry "a fall! a fall!" running on deck after the Captⁿ - with indescribable joy on my arm I see the fact boat close to the ship, and the lines run-
ning

sucking flat of the boat in an incredibly short period of time
 all the lines in the fast bratmen run out and a second
 bent on and still she took them out fast. for forty
 minutes she continued to run and we began to fear
 not men going to lose her at last however she ran
 along side the S.S. Chase and lay until one of
 our boats got in a second harpoon after which she never
 went away until she was dead. she was a splendid
 whale her whale bone measuring eleven feet in length
 being herself fifty eight feet long by thirty in girth -
 behind the fin - and she gave two sixteen tons of
 oil - Monday 1st August 1859. An incident occurred to day which
 illustrates very well the occasional disputes ~~arising~~ between the crews
 of different ships regarding the rightful ownership of a whale -
 On the afternoon of to day about 4 P.M. the Summa followed by the
 Sir Colin Campbell made fast to the floe having come up from the -





Southward about P.M. the "Chase" lying at the time about three miles
 from the "Tumna" got fast to a fish which took to the southward at a
 great speed dragging after her without stopping eleven lines being
 the contents of two boats and part of a third. The same fish was
 near the "Tumna" some time afterwards and that ship as well as
 the "Alexander" crowded away after her. The "Chase's" boats had
 also come down after the fish - one of the "Tumna's" ^{small} boats had a
 chance but the harpooner rising up to fire saw not that she
 was a "fast fish" and with-held his hand at this time a
 harpoon was seen in the back of the fish. The boats belonging to
 the Chase hailed those of the "Tumna" saying the fish was theirs
 twenty five lines being attached to her, notwithstanding this
 however the "Tumna's" boats fired in three harpoons, those of the
 "Chase" meanwhile firing in numerous gun rockets with the evident
 intention of cutting the "Tumna's" lines, this intention was however
 defeated and at the whale was dead a fight then (I
 understand) took place on the fluke between the men of the different
 ships without however any satisfactory result and the whale

was towed, dead, along side of the "Tumua". During the flensing which subsequently took place and at which Captain Grandeur of the Chase was present, the harpoon of the "Chase" was formed, the shackle of which was broken, and of course the lines not attached - whether or not the breaking of the shackle took place previous to, or subsequent to the "Tumua" getting fast is a question, upon the decision of which rests the ownership of the whale. The Captains Incident and were quite agreeable to divide the fish a proceeding which the crew of the "Tumua" would not consent to - The Captain of the "Chase" very honourably denied that so many lines were taken out as agreed by the crew of that ship - stating that eleven lines was the extent of it - The whale is at present on board the "Tumua". But it is rumored the Captain of the "Chase" is determined to have it decided in a court of law a process, the consequence of which will in all probability be the composition of the whale to be condensed in hard cash in the pockets of the crews of the law. Captain Deuchars attended a meeting on board the Alexander the following day ^{regarding -} ~~concerning~~ the future proceedings concerning the fish -

44. Dr.

Wednesday 3. August - Today the fortunate Old Sandy with her
hundred and forty tons hoisted her ensign at the peak and squared
away home ward bound - We all sent letters with her to the folks
at home - She is making a great deal of water, but notwithstanding
this I hope she may get fair winds and fine weather & thus succeed
in getting a good and speedy passage home - As for us with our
big greedy ships we shall require to keep on until blowing of
fingers and other signs of King Frost forces us out of this dominion
Next day (the fourth of August) we observed the S. S. Dundee
Tay & Diana Coming from the Northward a sign that
nothing was doing there - The succeeding seven days passed
away without having even seen a whale & during this time
the ships have been gradually edging south with a ~~lack~~
of most inveterately thick weather. Today the 11th of August
turned out a most beautifully clear, warm, and fine day
We are in Company with the S. S. "Chase" "Tumma"
and "Sir C. C." - The "Chase" when it cleared was a few
miles to the southward of us and was seen to have

145

three fish alongside. The ship was made fast to the floe early in the morning two fish having been seen and the mate shortly after nearly got fast to a fish. This however did not appear to be the best place for fishing as when the Captain went to the mast head he saw innumerable blunts of fish close in shore accordingly steam was got up with the utmost expedition and we steamed all day when we had the satisfaction to find that whales there were in plenty but all in places where they could not be approached, having taken refuge in a rotten land floe full of holes. Next day Friday it blew a strong breeze from the southward squashing up the floe pretty well. Next day it was almost calm and moreover a beautiful clear warm day. Very many whales were seen and all the boats were sent in pursuit. They were kept all day constantly employed chasing them but unfortunately did not even succeed in getting a chance. The ship was made fast to the land floe about to the northward of Cape Kater in the afternoon.

2846 seen

And after making fast had several starts after fast - but
some how or other our good luck appears to have left us, as
we never could manage to approach the porpoises at all -

Sunday 14th August - During the greater part of today the
ship lay close beset at the floe edge - and of course as generally
happens when we are unable to take advantage of it - Many whales
were seen - some being quite close to the ship - blowing in
holes of water intervening between the pieces composing the
pack, ^{one} large whale especially, tantalized us awfully for
three times successively the animal rose almost alongside
side the ship and lay like a log for a considerable time
blowing most sensibly; yet we dare not get fast as we should
be sure to lose her from the state of the ice -

Early this morning three strange ships were observed running
North with the southerly breeze at noon they were almost of
us and proved to be our old friend the St Andrews

see 4th page

along with the "Abram" of Kirkcaldy and "Emma" of Hull
The two latter ships were deemed to be fished their blubber
guys and specks being rose.

Monday 15th Today being calm & the ice slackening - steam
was got up in order to get clear of the ice - at the same time
a boat was deemed to be pulling towards us from the "Emma".

At noon the boat came on board, and as soon as she came
alongside we perceived something was wrong for she was manned
by ~~the~~ part of the crew of the "Admiral" Alas! for poor old Bazer
she's gone at last - gone with the best voyage she has
had for many years (excepting 1856 which was unusually good) -

The history of the Catastrophe is as follows - After leaving the
fishing on the East side Captain Walker kept dodging about
on the East side waiting on the ice opening to get a southerly
passage not venturing near Melville Bay as he wished to
take care of the good voyage when he had it on board.

2248 Dec
1853

He succeeded in reaching the next water in the beginning of last month when he endeavored to get North but contrary winds and thick weather prevailed and one day the 23^d of July when dodging along the land floe almost of Cape Foster the atmosphere being densely thick - the fog cleared away for a second when an appalling scene disclosed itself the land floe at the spot where they were near, was of immense thickness and they were in a small hole of water only - and surrounded by floes of enormous size and weight, which were quickly closing them in, no outlet or means of escape presented itself, and before they could even get the necessaries of life their ill fated ship was under the floe and the crew with their boats were left on the floe in a most miserable plight, they had not seen any other ships and were at a loss to know whither to turn their steps - all the food they had was a quarter of beef which had been hanging on the main top they decided on

2492

making for Cape Horn (see chart) and accordingly commenced their
heavy march along the floe - for two days they continued dragging
themselves and their boats along the ice amidst the thick weather
When it cleared and providentially shewed them a ship but at a
long distance from them, all men cheered at the sight and
leaving three of their boats behind - they all harnessed themselves
on to the remaining three - one of their number however was doomed
not to reach the ship - as he died when very near her - she proved to
be the "Emma" Captⁿ Geo. Simpson and the rest of the Castaway
succeeded in reaching her in safety - Poor Captⁿ Walker how
unfortunate he has been, for several years back he has had a
succession of bad voyages, and now that he had such
a good voyage and at the early fishing too, is very grieving
how many poor families will be rendered penniless during
the coming winter - by the loss of the "Admiral" -

50

For old Baizer "people said "she would na loss" but she's gone at last - A boat's crew of East aways came aboard requesting from Capt. Occulians a passage home which was of course immediately granted; making up our crew to seventy men -

Sunday 21st August - During almost the whole of last week the atmosphere has been so thick that "you could steer it with a stick." And consequently steering and sailing to, in quest of whales was effectually put a stop to - It cleared away last night however in time to show us three large bears - which we were not long of pinning, one however took about a dozen leaden pills before they began to operate ^{on him} as they should have done.

Today there being very little wind we got steam up and steamed forth. at noon we came up with my old ship the "Lord Gambier" a clipper of the primitive style of shipbuilding - she had come across from the East side several days before and had got on

fish on this side. Captⁿ Tod came on board for a few minutes to learn the news. he expected we were home ward bound full and wished to know if we would take his letters home. He informed us of the death of Mr. Archibald Captain of the Chieftain on the 1st of last month. We soon left this Lordship, the old "Gambier" far astern - we are steering for Isabella Bank a spot where Captⁿ Paulsen has been very fortunate in fishing. Steam was blown off in the evening a strong breeze of wind from the N. W. coming away which ultimately ended in a strong gale & the ship was hove to for the night under close reefed topsails.

During the next week nothing further of importance was done in the fishing department. On Monday we spoke the "Love Love" Captⁿ Nell. she had come up from Cape Horn and had got no more whales. she had picked up some of the relics of the "Admiral", and until we informed them - they knew nothing about the fate of the crew of that unfortunate ship.

On Saturday the twenty seventh we were in company with almost all the other ships. the preceding night our men had a rally after a straggling pile, the night was a beautiful one and



Rocky Point, Cape Cod, August 1899.

I made an abortive attempt to put on paper a sketch of the view
 which then presented it self - The wretched production annexed is
 the result of my futile endeavours - On Sunday the 28th we
 got up steam and ran south towards Yaccky Penar, a
 proceeding which I at least hail with pleasure as then I
 hope will be found materials for the unlimited exercise of dredge,
 mineralogical hammers - Botanical paper and insect nets -
 (My patience, such a universal philosopher I am going to be!)
 At 4 P. M. we steamed past the Old "St Andrews" still clear
 and the "Chieftain" the latter ~~looking~~ ^{broken} and desolate
 looking - for although she was miring with her fore yard square
 her main one was braced up - It was easily seen that Old Mr
 Archibald was not there - It came on very thick weather just as
 we had reached the entrance to the harbour which forced us to
 heave to till day light - Daylight came in due course but
 with it came most immoderately thick weather, and persistently remained

all day - But next morning the weather was so exceedingly fine that it quite atoned for its previous bad conduct, when I reached the deck a magnificent view presented itself to me. It was one of those sunnily beautiful mornings which heaven particularly bestows on this icy region, not a floating cloud obscured the azure firmament or prevented the sun from shining forth in glorious splendour as he rolled through his ethereal course, and as he smiled his morning salutation with a countenance of late unusually benevolent the very winds seemed to hold in their breaths in mute attention, our iron horse as impatient as ever, was the only noisy thing, but he hissing and sputtering having swept the land was hurrying us rapidly along towards the entrance of Cape Hesper harbour - His old Lordship, the "Gambier" was lying in the doldrums without any prospect of soon getting in - we soon steamed into harbour where we found already there the S. S. "Chase" "Emma" and "Abram" - The anchor no sooner caught the ground than I made

for the land and a glorious ramble - The heat today was greater I think than ever I have before noticed and the water so warm that I was strongly tempted to take a bath - No words could express the enjoyment I felt in today's ramble - the delightful cleanness and freshness of the air is so invigorating one feels so light and cheerful, and such an appetite it gives one - the folks at home would have been quite amazed to have seen the fervor with which I attacked a substantial stock of bread and cheese afterwards washed down with a "qualifier" of "starboard" - I was soon diving into the hidden treasures of the Flora Arctica - and was astonished at the variety of species which I met with I succeeded in getting about thirty distinct species some of them exceedingly pretty - The insect world had its representatives here too in a pretty spotted butterfly two moths and a bee which I succeeded in capturing - The next day I spent in a somewhat similar manner in the company of the surgeon of the "Gambier" The old gentleman having, with the assistance of twenty-four boats sent by the ships in harbor, succeeded in bringing up not

for from us. The lucky "Chase" got another whale to day - most unexpectedly - it being the only brute of the species which has been seen for several days - We intend going out of harbour tomorrow as we have now got a sufficient supply of water - the want of it being our excuse for coming to this harbour.

Thursday 1st September - This morning we again got up steam and steamed out of harbour with the intention of going north to see what is doing there - about mid-day however we were obliged to heave to and blow off steam owing to thick weather coming down. Two days after when dodging off Horn Bay we observed our old friends the S.S. "Jay", "Deana" & "Dunder" and the little barge "True Love" - we subsequently learnt that the S.S. "Jay" had got another whale, making seven in all - all of which she has taken since we got our second last - with the exception of three bears which we captured, nothing further was seen or done for the succeeding six -

days - but the eighth being a remarkably fine day the Captain determined on having a fine steaming cruise up Howe Bay - accordingly steam was got up at an early hour and we commenced our cruise - The scenery was interesting and well known to me, as in 1837 I had a delightful excursion to the very head of the bay; Our ship the "Lord Gambier" we brought up in a nice little cove which along with several islands we named after his Lordship; these islands and rocks I had an especial regard for, as on their hills and verdant grassy banks I spent three most delightful days - game of all kinds was in abundance and I was away at the termination of our expedition many relics of interest. It was for another ramble in this Arctic Elysium with other intentions besides those of a sportsman that I most ardently longed for, and had for a long time looked forward to, but as it appeared in

(57)

rain, as all my hints about 'Capital Harbour' that Captⁿ
precisely the spot where we bought the old 'Gambier' up in '57"
were apparently not understood. And when I earnestly sol-
icited him to let me ashore he ~~caused~~ me it was impossible
and told me that "I was not now in the old rickety basket
the 'Lord Gambier' (which, to have lost her would have been a
blessing to humanity) but in the S.S. 'Nanhai' with 130
tons a board, and he could not risk the safety of his ship
for a few sticking bones and withered hands". Of course I had
to listen to such sacrilege with the best grace I could
muster, and as a patch of ice ahead was seen to be covered
with sea horses I speedily forgot my disappointment in
the expectation of an encounter with the gigantic walrus
which may be safely considered as the boldest and fiercest
of the arctic animals to attack in an open boat. I had

heard many tales of their being ball proof to test the veracity of which I was determined to have a shot at him with my trusty little rifle - Two boats were soon lowered in pursuit and the order was to get fast by the gun^d harpoon, I got into the stern of the boat made against the will of Mr. Sink' in the mate in the bow of which he was preparing his sword gun - he had not to pull far before we came up to a piece of ice on which four gigantic animals lay asleep - Mr. Sink' in with an imprecation at the "muckle clarty raminant" let fly into the largest of the four and I fired a ball at the head of the same fellow - he slowly raised himself on his clumsy flippers and slid off the piece with a ferocious grunt showing to us an immense gash on his side, caused by the harpoon which however was not

(59.)

fact - as for the ball which I'm confident struck, it did not appear to produce the least impression - "Siuk'in" was much with rage, calling it all the good for nothing trutes and by still more violent imprecations - The other boat got fast about the same time to another individual and appeared to have hot work of it - "Siuk'in" however made up for his former disappointment by getting well fast to another runner - immediately on feeling the harpoon he dashed off with us at racing speed but finding it impossible to escape in that manner he turned pieces on the boat attempting to capsize her and failing that to rip her up with his enormous tusks, but by a little careful management both of these mishaps were avoided and subsequently the mate (having sworn as many oaths as would have annihilated entirely half a dozen ordinary animals) introduced a

60-

spear shaped blubber knife into the vitals of the porpoise by pumping him a while he eventually succeeded in making him to give up the ghost - On examination I found that out of some score a dozen shots only one had pierced the skin that one splitting the animals skull - the balls however had bruised the skin which was at least an inch thick, exceedingly tough and lined by a thin layer of dense blubber of great elasticity - About 4 P.M. having nearly circumnavigated the bay & a snow storm threatening to come on, the head of the ship was turned off shore in order to get a better clear of bergs and rocks in which to ~~lie~~ ^{lie} to for the night -

The Arctic Summer is now almost defunct and there being no intervening autumn, winter is quickly settling in; already the nights are long and dark, the land has got its virgin coat of white, and the weather is broken and boisterous;

(61.)

the fishing too is about in its eleventh hour and all are ready to get home — On Saturday the ~~tenet~~ ^{again} we took refuge from the angry winds in Cape Nepean harbour when we found the "Diana" "True Love" "L'E. Cambria" and "Pacific" — The time was spent (in as far as I am concerned) in excursions to the land and visiting and receiving visits from our neighbours — The boats were sent almost daily far away from the ships to wait for fish but they almost invariably returned without having even seen a fish — On the sixteenth the "True Love" broke up for home and up till today the 21st of September we have been waiting for an opportunity to follow her example but the weather has been so treacherous as to put such an intention out of the question —

It promises however to be better weather and it is the intention of Captⁿ Deuchars to break up early tomorrow morning.



Homeward Bound -

Wednesday the 24th September - Early this morning the
ensign was hoisted to the peak end, and black volumes of
smoke issuing from the funnel, and the anchor was
coming merrily up to the song

"Then fare ye well to Yaccy fennar
Hurrah! and fare ye well"
Hc -

for we're homeward bound - Capt. Patterson of the
Pacific was on board bidding us good bye & to get a short
sail out of harbour - as we passed his ship our men gave them
three hearty cheers, which were heartily returned by them
we were also cheered by the Lord Gambier as we steamed
bravely past him - Mr Patterson left us in a short time
after wishing us a prosperous voyage -



SS Nantahal bearing up from Cape Hope Harbor.

Sept. 21st 1859.

All that day we steamed and sailed south with a fine breeze right aft; in the evening we were abreast of Cape Horn or "Maly neck head," a very remarkable promontory presenting a bold precipitous front to the sea of upwards of a thousand feet in height.

In the harbor we could perceive the "Chieftain" and "D. Andrews" lying hauled up - when passing there we hoisted our ensign to let them know we were home ward bound ~~and~~. Next day at noon we were abreast of Exeter harbor from which we took our departure - when we finally bade adieu to the land and made all preparations for going to sea.

"Home ward Bound," how many delightful sensations are called forth by these magical words in the hearts of those who like us, have been as it were imprisoned and banished far from that dear old country, which is generally valued so little until the broad ocean rolls between us and its ~~coast~~ shores - our voyage is now nearly terminated and this journal still more near - but before closing it I shall amuse myself by describing one or two of those individuals whose names have



Cape Suvorov
Madyne Head

20th March
20th 23/69

been introduced at different parts of this journal - and I flatter myself that some of these at least, will have awakened ~~an interest~~ in the minds of those promised individuals who shall have an opportunity of perusing these notes - when a body of individuals such as the crew of a ship are continually together, in each others society at all times, as on a voyage of this description, it is to be supposed that their different natures and failings, and peculiar characteristics, will be well known to each other - this is so much the case, that at the termination of the voyage the crew is like a large family - a perfect understanding existing between each individual - every one occupying his own particular sphere or station - There is sure to be amongst the ^{members} ~~crew~~ of so large a family one or two individuals whose peculiarities point them out among all others as characters - We are by no means wanting in these this voyage, and among the foremost I think I may safely mention W^d Martin (alias "Sinker") the mate -

W^d Martin was the mate of the unfortunate "Empress of India" and came on board of the "Hornet" when the "Empress" went down.

Mr Ogston our mate on the Greenland voyage was unshipped on our arrival at Dundee and Mr Martin shipped in his place - "Sinkie" is one of the most peculiar customers with whom I have ever had the felicity of being acquainted & every action or word is characteristic of the man - he has received his peculiar nickname from an almost universal expression of his when speaking on any subject whatsoever. Sinkie's peculiarities are numerous, being a native of Peterhead he has the curious accent and manner of speaking of that place - He is a most inveterate swearer even astonishing and abashing the sailors who hear him and who in general are not indifferent hands at that accomplishment themselves - "Sinkie" is a stout man about I should think five feet four or thereabouts - he has a beautiful pair of what are vulgarly termed "bowly legs" and which are the almost unceasing objects of admiration to the "maniki" under consideration - he covers these handsome appendages with a pair of rather extraordinary inexpressibles

made in a convenient though rather indelicate manner in the pockets of which his hands are ever stuffed to the very bottom unless perhaps he pulls one out in the process of snicking some unfortunate object harmed by his attentions—

Snickin's countenance bears an almost universal expression of sarcasm, unless in the presence of the Capet^{re} when he is all smiles. A curious fact which I have observed too is his almost universal acquiescence to every thing said or related by the Capet^{re} whereas with all other human beings he is at implacable war, disputing and endeavouring to make ridicule of every thing said, and illustrating his argument by some of the most extraordinary yams of what he has seen and done, that have ever been heard or dreamt of— even by the most imaginative—Mr Martin however notwithstanding that he merits the description I have just given of this incomparable and unrivalled specimen of the genus hundo— I shall at the risk of being considered indelicate, vulgar and a host of quite nasty names relate one or two of his yams

which occur to me at the present moment. Therefore at the
 outset beg of you to descend from your lofty pinnacle of
 superiority and condescend to join me in a walk with Mr.
 Martin on the quarter deck of the S. S. "Namhat" as she
 promptly lifts her head to the crested billow of the great
 western ocean - "Far d'ye say is't bears ye talking
 about - here man I'll tell ye what we seen - look see
 they're the strength of a horse, I am fifty to that -
 sink me if they're no got the strength of ten hammer horse -
 well in the year twenty one (or some such minute date)
 when I was mate of the "Rotten" we spied a "bromie" an
 "Flowers" away after him - well look ye the bear was sit-
 ting at the edge of the floor, an the unies as thick as bees some
 part him - well what does bromie do but with his fore paws
 take dat at the biggest he could see, and sink me if he
 did 'nt mitten him in's mouth and walk off at the rate
 of knots over the floor just as a cat would do a mouse -"

Delay that Mr. Martin surely you don't mean to say it
 was a unicorn he served in that manner. It was that I'll
 assure you, as a sizer too, for I got both, and damn me but the
 sinner's horn measured nine feet if it was an inch so you
 may guess the size of the beast. Sometimes I bother him
 a little just for a lark, and one night when for the purpose
 of smoking a yarn I was speaking about what I had
 seen in Pond's Bay - elicited the following -
 "Man Doctor sink ye but ye speak havers, look see, for the
 devil can ye have seen tho ye had been a yer life here -
 Man in the year one - the year of the great crack - ~~When~~ all
 the ships were full - the year of the sound fishing -
 I was mate of the "Whopper" as good a ship as ever sailed
 salt water, man we killed fifteen fish at a fall, and
 lost nine of them with their fins lashed up, and I
 counted 75 dead fish from the ships taffrail - not

(69.)

not only whales, but narwhals, white whales & seals and sea horses,
aye sink me if you couldnt han drove across the sound
in a coach and four over their backs -" But the most
interesting of all is the following, being an episode of married
life and an illustration of marital felicity - (it is not however
intended for ears polite, therefore ears of that description will
better pass over the anecdote -) "Well you must know
that me an the wife an the bairn were all in lodgings
in a sma house, a bit out o' the town o' Dundee waiting for
the "Horn" to sail and we had all turned in maybe
about an hour or so, when I first feels a nip on my arm
and then on my leg, so I heaves out morden to myself
for the deevil was up, an I sticks the candle and
plunging aff the blankets - damme but there was a
sight - Jeanie says I, Jeanie' roars for she was

70

aye swim as heavy as ever, 'for quid eack rise an see this
for there was ~~sum~~ na gae, nor only one kind a beast, but sink-
me if there was ten hummer ~~hummer~~ thousand fleaches
and bogs as kin a livin man" - "Blowhard the cook is
our next original, he is a conical customer as ever turned a
spit or handled a 'tormentor" - Blowhard like our friend Sinkie
is also rather dwarfish being four feet nothing in his stockings.
Blowhard has received his disyllabic cognomen from a
farkie he has of uttering a peculiar squeaking (which
he calls struttlung) from between his teeth accompanied
by a vociferous blowing sound very much resembling that
emitted from a very hungry boy who has got hold of
a very hot potatoe. Blowhard is an old stager bird and
brought up in this trade his oldest games date from 17
something or other and I should suppose the old man

numbers at least seventy minters - he is at perpetual war with the sailors putting soda in his beef water (he gets as a perquisite all the fat he can collect which fetches a high price) so as to extract all the fat, and many other dodges by which he defrauds poor Jack - The second mate James Lamb or Lammie as he is familiarly is the next & last of our ship's Co. of whom I shall be able to speak - "Say James my boy!" "Ho-ro! my feller," "Haul everything caught and put yourself in trim for you are going to be immortalized!" This being my last sheet I find I shall not be able to do justice to Lammie were I to write pages in his praise, they would not convey such a good impression of James to the minds of the one half of the readers of this ~~MS.~~ (anyone copy I refer to of course) than with that expressive though very little word, which among the rising generation is considered to include every enviable trait of disposition - namely a "Brick"! James has one of the best tempers in the world generous to a fault, warm hearted and in fact everything which one could wish to be - James is a young (married) man - a regular Protestant Tar - a splendid fisherman and - in fact he is a brick -



72-

